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Sweet as water to the fevered,
 On my heart refreshing fall
 Hope's cool drops—O songs and waters,
 Winds and trees, I thank you all!

Bees and flow'rs and waving grasses,
 Take my thanks, I pray you, take!
 For my heart, since you have soothed it,
 For a while has ceased to ache.

THE JEWISH CHILD¹.

IN the airless gloom and darkness,
 Where no sunlight falls,
 Dost thou mark the blind-worm yonder
 Where he crawls?

In the earth the worm in darkness
 Had his birth,
 And his lot: to crawl for ever
 In the earth.

Worm-like, in the dark and helpless,
 All the undefiled
 Years of childhood thou art passing,
 Jewish child!

By the cradle-side, thy mother,
 Rocking thee,
 Sings no song of peace, of gladsome
 Liberty;

Of the gardens, of the valleys,
 Where, the livelong day,
 Free as air, the rosy children
 Laugh and play.

¹ The original was taken from the *History of Yiddish Literature in the Nineteenth Century*, by L. Wiener.

Nay, a bursting tide of anguish
Flows along,
Ever welling—oh, the bitter
Cradle-song!

Deep-drawn sighs and tear-drops scalding,
In a rushing stream,
Night and day are sounding ever
Thro' thy dream;

Deep-drawn sighs and tear-drops scalding,
Cold and pain,
Drag their weary length, like spectres,
In thy train.

And from cot to grave, unbroken,
All the long, long way,
Stretch whole forest-leagues of trouble—
Grim and grey! . .

HELENA FRANK.